**Skype Call**

by SwiftStar

**Skype Call - Part I**

Okay, welp. Jeez. Maybe, just maybe not studying for this test was a really bad idea... on second thoughts, looking back at those goddamn questions and my stupid-ass answers: it was a naive plan to hope that one hour of speed glancing over my notes in the morning would be enough. And it was even more short-sighted to believe I wouldn't wake up late, and lose even that small amount of time.

With my failures in tests recently, I'm pretty sure my dad was getting increasingly angry and a little more frustrated at me. Though in my defense, school just isn't my jazz. Then again, against my weak-ass argument: I can be fairly smart. I'm just way too lazy. So I guess you could blame me. Or generally, I'm the only one who you can accuse. Ugh, just hopefully I can just bluff my Dad I got a good mark for long enough that I can actually get a decent grade in another class to soften the news.

I lazily opened my front door, glad to be back from school. Mind you, I didn't really hate school. I was just getting tired of it and despite generally average grades in previous years, in my final year I've been taking it less seriously and well- slipping. And by "slipping" I mean, nearly failing... I think everything is the right word there.

My dad was in the living-room, watching football. Y'know, I love family. I'd do anything for them... it's just, I don't really like people in general. I'm oddly introverted, and prefer the company of my books and video games to most other things, I just get tired out easily by talking for too long. Too many conversations I have are meaningless and boring.

"Hey, dad." I yelled, kicking off my shoes.

"Hi sweetie, how was your day?" He answered swiftly, and I heard him sigh when he heard me walk up stairs without a response. So I humored him, with a swift, "Good!"

Of course currently situated in my room was my twin sister, who was messing around on her PC (like usual). I plopped myself down on my bed, and closed my eyes. It was a failed attempt at some sort of relaxation, and Rebecca found it suitable to immediately start trying to annoy me.

"You fail another test Gert?" She grinned at me, and I rolled my eyes.

"No, I think it went well actually." I snappily said back.

Her smile never left her face, "I think you said something similar, like, for that Biology assignment? Wasn't it like 27 percent there?"

"Ugh, just shut up Becca." I plowed my face into my pillow.

"I'm just trying to help. Hopefully if I nag you enough, you'll actually start working."

"I did work!" I lied, but at the same time, constant bitching from her definitely wasn't helping my work ethic.

She was silent for a bit, I could see she was adjusting her makeup in the mirror. Despite being twins, I was fairly jealous of her looks. She was kinda like how mum was in how she was able to dress, she was fashionable I guess. Fashionable compared to me at least.

I always looked like a tramp dragged in from the street, with choppy hair and worn-out clothes. Anytime I attempt to put makeup on, I ended up looking like the Joker with red lipstick accidentally smeared into the oddest places. One attempt had me somehow end up with a pink blotch randomly above my eye. I wasn't even using pink makeup. She however had it down, and constantly looked... well, pretty. It made me feel worse, because it was constantly looking at a better half of you.

A better half of you that could get good grades, make friends and look hot.

So yeah. I was resentful.

She was making an extra special effort with her appearance, because apparently she was going out: leaving me with the room to myself. Which, I hadn't had for a while.

And I'm not ashamed or anything, but I get fairly randy and bothered if I've not done... it... for a while. So after she left, I lay back down on my bed. I slowly removed my jeans, and tossed them to the floor. I grabbed some tissues I held in my drawer, and used them to clean the mess. I lay in just my pink panties and ratty shirt, and just started imagining. It's a lot easier for me use your imagination, and I'd rather not go into detail to what I was thinking about. But I'll leave you with the knowledge that it was some goddamn sexy shit.

So after my euphoric climax, I lay there gasping and a little. Because honestly, that'd probably been one of my best sessions. I was happy for a small while, just lying staring at the roof. However, my moment of bliss was broken quickly when I held a crackling come from the headset.

"Well, hot-damn that was sweet baby."

Oh Jesus Christ!

My eyes widened, was that computer on the whole time?! Did somebody just see me, well, have an 'intimate moment'? I quickly pulled on my jeans, because talking to some guy in these pink panties was not my ideal situation, before rushing to my sister's computer.

Surely enough Skype was opened, and of course: the webcam was on. My eyes widened. Oh ...ing god. I face-palmed, leaning my head against my hands for a good twenty seconds as thoughts raced through my mind. How much did he see? Who is this guy? Why did I not freaking check to see the computer was off?!

Suddenly my frantic train of thought was stopped by the soft sound of laughter. From the guy.

"Oh, you didn't see me here?" He said, I couldn't see him as his webcam wasn't on. I quickly checked his Skype name, which showed up as Derek.

"Of course I goddamn didn't." I angrily responded, why didn't he hang up? Of course it's my luck my sister left a call going with a pervert.

"Jeez, you may wanna be a bit nicer to the guy with a video."

I quickly blurted out, "Why did you record that?! How did you know to record that? Are you and my sister working together?" It wouldn't surprise me if she knew what I did when alone, and it defiantly wouldn't surprise me if she'd go to these lengths to humiliate me to 'teach me a lesson'.

He just laughed in response, "Seriously paranoid much? It takes like ten seconds to bring up a screen recorder, it look you like ten seconds just to take off your pants. Seriously, how many buttons are on those things?"

I furrowed my brow, before deciding to play nice, "Ugh, can you please just delete the video. I'm in a really shitty mood today, and this is really goddamn embarrassing."

"Ah, and miss the fun? Nope, you just gotta do one thing if you want me to delete the video."

I didn't know what to say, so I decided to barter, "Look, you can keep the stupid video. Just like, do NOT show anyone. Please!" I begged.

"Ah, I won't show anybody. If, you do one thing."

I didn't like where this was going, but I decided I only had one choice.

"Ugh, what?"

"Add me on Skype, with your Skype account. Not your sisters, then we can talk more about how private you want this video."

Suddenly he hung up, leaving me with nothing but disappointment in myself for being so dumb. I checked his Skype name on Skype, before using my phone to add him, kinda shaking as I done. It was hard to believe that even one person had saw me do that to myself, I don't like to call myself innocent... but I barely masturbated, and wasn't an incredibly sexual person. Making this somehow worse. The fact he got a video made my face red, and just a little glad I kept on my panties. Though it wouldn't be much better if I didn't.

I had an odd feeling though, one that made me realize that I could be in a shit-load of trouble.

**Skype Call - Part II**

I knew adding this guy on Skype was a terrible idea, but I did it anyway. I was scared I guess, frightened that the video would end up on some weird site where people I knew could come across it. I tried to be hopeful that Derek would be nice, and he wouldn’t ... with me. However, I found that an unlikely scenario. Still I added him, I was desperate for any kind of hope that would allow me to hold at least the shattered shreds of my dignity.

I waited for him to accept my contact request, whilst it was really more like ten seconds it felt like ages as I impatiently tapped my hand against the bed. I groaned again, exasperated at the recent events; I knew it wasn’t my fault, but why was this guy doing it? Though the answer of “he’s horny” probably sufficed.

I received a message, “So, how far you willing to go to protect your privacy?”

I guess that was the question really, I mean I just couldn’t say. My mind was unable to focus, it felt like my thoughts were disjointed and unclear. I may be exaggerating a little here, but the past ten minutes had just been some of the most intense and worst moments of my life.

So I quickly typed back, “I don’t know.”

I was met with a Skype call for a response, I accepted. Despite having my camera on, I noticed he still kept his off; leaving me still in mystery to what he looked like. I sat there in silence, before I heard him over the speakers.

“Man, your phone camera is terrible. I can manage to count those pixels.”

... this dude, “And?” I snappily responded.

“You got anything better? Like a laptop or?” He said.

“Why do you need to see me? You’ve already saw enough.” I questioned, waiting for the inevitable blackmail response.

“It takes me around an hour to upload a ten minute video.” There it was.

“I’ll get my laptop, dick.” I insulted him, before hanging up and reaching for my laptop. I waited for it to boot up and logged into Skype. As soon as I went online, I received a call nearly immediately. I answered.
“That’s better dear.” I could literally hear his obnoxious smile as he spoke.

“I’ve not seen you yet, scared I’ll make fun of you?” I mocked, knowing that I was playing with fire. I felt safe however, because I knew he wanted something; or he would’ve already uploaded the video.

To my surprise, his cam came on: and goddamn it, he wasn’t even that bad looking. I’m not saying like incredibly hot or anything, but he was fairly average. He looked around my age, and my guess that just his grin would annoy me was correct. He had an incredibly punch able face, though to be honest that opinion was pretty much just formed because of my past experience with him so far. His mouth was stretched wide, and he gave a large thumbs up to me, which just made me glare back.

“So, here. This is what is going to happen,” His unnerving smile grew, “you’re gonna strip butt-ass naked, and we’re gonna have a lil’ chat.”

“No way dude! That’s ridiculous!” I nearly yelled back, “just upload the stupid video.”

“Alright then, you sure?”

I wasn’t sure. Seriously, the only thoughts running through my head were unpleasant abusive words I wanted to shout at this guy. And barely consciously I found my hands moving towards my socks. I took them both off, throwing them off the bed and onto the floor. I nervously and shakily grabbed the bottom of my top, swiftly pulling it off and allowing it to join my socks. I refused to look at Derek as I did this, knowing doing so would make me lose all the dumb courage that I’d gained. It was a hopeless endeavor, and doing something this stupid wouldn’t even guarantee that my videos would be deleted. But I was desperate, and incredibly ...ed either way. I started unbuttoning my pants.

“Man, those do take a while to get off.” I wanted to hit him, but I just shakily pulled them off. I sat there in my silly pink undies, face reaching undocumented vibrant shades of red.

“Can we like please just leave it like this? Can I keep these on?” I urgently asked, “Seriously, this is just cruel.”

“I think you know the answer to that.” He winked, and I blushed even more intensely. I probably sat there for around 2mins doing nothing, before he told me to hurry up. I figured I went this far, so ... it.

I’ll do it.

Right.
Now.

I pulled my panties down with one hand, using the other to cover my ‘lady-parts’. I groaned internally, and probably externally as I was barely able to concentrate on anything. Joining my discarded clothes party on my floor, the pink garment laid there. I unstrapped my bra at the back, making it loose; then managed to strategically drop it using my free hand to cover my boobs whilst doing so.

I looked ridiculous, sitting there in my birthday suit with my hands used as my only protection. I felt so dumb, and all my pretended courage disappeared nearly immediately when I saw Derek lustfully staring at my body. I wanted to make some kind of sarcastic response, but I was too shy and too overwhelmed to do so.

“So, what’s your name?” Derek said after what seemed like forever.

It was a weird question, but I didn’t know how to respond other than the obvious answer.

“I’m Gertrude, why?” I responded.

He ignored my question, “So, Becca’s your sister, eh?”

“Um, yeah.” I gripped my hands tighter to my body.

“How has your day been?” He smirked, making me realise he’s playing with me.

“Ugh dude, can I please just put some clothes on? You’ve had your fun. Just delete the stupid video.” I angrily snapped.

“Maybe if you dropped your hands I’d be more inclined to say yes.”

I was surprised he didn’t say it earlier, but was I really going to do this? Could I do this? I realized that answer was yes rather quickly, as again my brain went on auto-pilot. My hands slowly lowered, and instead of wanting to punch him I wanted to punch myself. God, why was I being so stupid? I knew my optimistic outlook that he would delete the video would be proven false.

Honestly, my tits were pretty small. Like A-cup. I didn’t really care much, but looking at Derek stare over them, I begin to be bothered by it. He made me more conscious of my flaws... I really should shave down there. Oh god, this was so goddamn embarrassing.

“Alright, turn around.” He commanded.

Without thinking it through my body twirled, I’d gone this far: I didn’t want all that I’d done before to be for nothing.

“Jeez, you have a really cute butt.” He said making me cringe, I couldn’t believe I was doing this.

“Can I actually get dressed now?” I asked, giving a glance to my clothes on the ground.

“Hm, just give me a real quick dance.” He laughed, making me even more frustrated.

“C’mon dude! I’ve ...ing humiliated the ... out of myself for you!” I angrily yelled.

“Yeah, so what’s a little bit more?”

At this point I knew I should end, and that it was just going to keep getting worse. But seriously, I couldn’t think of much more he could ask me do after this.
So I did it. I stood up butt naked, and started dancing. I felt like such a moron and I looked like such an idiot. I was just glad it was just one person seeing this shit, as I tried to dance.

Bear in mind, I have no idea how to dance. So as my body flapped about, my naked ass swinging and my cheeks glowing red, I realized that at least now I’ve hit rock bottom, it couldn’t get any worse than this.

And as I thought it couldn’t get any worse, the door swung open and my sister entered the room.

**Skype Call - Part III**

It was a weird awkward stare-off as my sister barged into the room. I looked at her, and she looked at well- all of me. My gangling pale body was in full sight, as I rapidly tried to move my hands to cover myself.

“What the ...?” My twin said quietly, as I saw a grin slowly creep across her face, “Having fun?”

“Uh, um...” I uttered, barely able to speak. Suddenly my sister’s smile dropped, as she looked behind me.

“Derek?!” She said, before glaring at me, “Get out.”

“Like what?” I asked, still desperately covering my body.

“Like this.” She responded, I quickly managed to snatch my panties, as my sister pushed me out the room.

Honestly, she was a lot stronger than I was which is why she easily was able to shut me out. Just another thing she made me look incompetent at.

So that’s why I sat, only wearing my flimsy pink knickers hoping to god that my dad wouldn’t walk up the stairs. I heard furious typing going on in my room.

“When can I come back in?” I asked timidly, after waiting a little for her to calm down.

“Ugh, five minutes Gretchen.” She responded, before chucking my shirt out the door.

Glad to finally be wearing something else, I quickly put it on feeling the most relief I’d felt for around twenty minutes. Hopefully Becca was getting Derek to delete that stupid video, and I can forget this whole stupid thing ever happened. I guess the physiological trauma may remain, but you can’t win every prize I guess.

I must have lost track of time during that whole embarrassing charade. Else, I probably would’ve been able to be dressed for my sister coming home. I mean, my sister seeing my nude body WAS embarrassing. I mean she saw me before, quick glances out of the shower... but there I’d just felt so vulnerable. I was like powerless, and she’d caught me at my weakest. But screw it, enough feeling sorry for myself. It’s not like Derek seeing my tits is gonna affect my later life in anyway, and as embarrassing as it is; ... it. I can’t dwell in the past, or I’m just going to feel shitty.

My sister creaked back opened the door after what felt like an eternity, thankfully my dad was doing something downstairs. Entering the room was odd however, it seemed my sister decided to do some weird arts and crafts. Paper scraps were lying on her bed, and a pair of scissors. I saw in Becca’s hand a large stack of different sized paper cut-outs.

“Ugh, I don’t know what to even say,” I wanted to ask about what happened with Derek, and if she understood the whole situation, but I decided to go for an easier question first, “What’s all that, sis?” I asked, curiously pointing at the papers she currently held.

“Oh, just your new clothes.” My sister evilly grinned.

I stood there, just confused for a second, “What does that even mean?” I didn’t like where this was going.
My sister just sat on her bed, and patted on it, “Sit down Gert.”

I didn’t know what to do, so I just plopped down next to her. It felt really awkward, that feeling amplified by my state of clothing: I was still just wearing my shirt and underwear. I saw my jeans still lay there on the floor, so I tried to quickly pick them up.

“Nope! Sorry Gert, but you can’t wear those.”

“Yeah, and if I do?” I snapped back.

“Derek’ll upload the video.” My mind raced, what was happening? I knew my sister was a bitch but...

“What the heck Becca? Why the hell would you do something like this?” I angrily responded, arms crossed.

“It’s for your own good. I want to help you, because you won’t help yourself.”

“Honestly, it be nice if you told me what that even means.” I stubbornly responded, staring at my twin’s gleeful face.

“You’re failing every subject you took this year. And the worst part is? You just don’t work, and that’s why you fail. You just play stupid video games.”

I didn’t know what to say, “And blackmailing me over a video will help how?!”

My sister just smiled, “We’re gonna play a little game, like you love to do.”

I felt trapped, and I had no idea what to do. Who I thought was going to be my hero was actually my enemy. I will admit, yes my grades were dropping: but this was ridiculous! Why would she go to such lengths? If she genuinely cared about my progress in school, why didn’t she actually show any genuine concern before now? Why instead of mocking me about my grades, she tried to support me to make them better?

“So, you been doing your Computing revision? We do have a test next week.” She grinned.

“Um...” I’d obviously not been doing any, and she knew it. Lying was pointless, “Yeah, of course.”

And award for dumbest person of the year goes to me! I knew she was going to make me pay for seeing that, and it took me a lot of willpower to not just shout bitch when I saw that stupid obnoxious happily evil expression on her stupid face grow.

“Ah, okay. Well, let’s put that to the test!” She thrust the paper into my arms suddenly, which I barely caught, “Put these on! And just these!”

“Wait, what?” I really had no idea if I was just being messed with, or if my sister had just gone crazy.

“Each of those pieces of paper has the name of a different body part typed onto it. You’re gonna cover the relevant body part with the correct piece of paper. And, then we’ll play my game.”

My sister had defiantly gone crazy, “How do I even do that?!”

“I know you’re bad at biology Gert, but it’s really simple. You take off your clothes which shouldn’t be too hard considering the small amount you’re wearing, and then use tape to attach the paper: I can get the ones at the back if you want.”

This was insane, and this was growing so fast out of control (not that it ever was in my control) and I had no idea what to do. All I knew is that I had to end this, and I had to stop it now.

“Becca. This is stupid, and this is demeaning. There’s no way in hell that I am going to do this shit.” I angrily responded, for once feeling slightly in control: despite lacking my pants.

“I wonder what Dad would say if he saw you masturbating breathlessly then dancing butt-ass naked for a stranger.” My sister spoke clearly and softly.

I froze up, I had no idea that my dance was recorded. I couldn’t believe I didn’t see that coming and managed to believe that just because he didn’t show an iPhone to the screen doesn’t mean he couldn’t record. I nearly hated myself more for being naive than I hated my sister and Derek for making me do this shit. And the worst part? There was no way to salvage this situation, other than hopefully go along with what they said. My dad would be so ashamed if he saw those videos, and I just couldn’t let that happen.

“C’mon Becca, we’re sisters: we shouldn’t do this to each other. We should be looking out for each other, not doing this!” I angrily responded.

“This is for your own good.”

“If it was just that, you wouldn’t have a massive shit-eating grin on your face! You goddamn enjoy this, don’t you?! That's so messed up!” For once I caught my sister speechless, but she just shrugged.

“Well, hurry up and get those clothes off. Here’s the tape, get started.” She chucked it at me, “I’ll turn my back so you can get ‘changed’.”

Honestly, her 'hilarious' sense of humor wasn't making this situation any better or easier for me.

I looked at the scraps of paper. I wasn’t going to really do this, was I? Once I saw that I had dropped my panties without really thinking about it, I guessed I was. Hey, I’d already been naked before... this time shouldn’t be as difficult. Nobody was even watching now! But it was completely different having somebody actually in the room compared to doing it over the internet... it just felt so much more real. I felt my cheeks heating up as I tossed my shirt away.

Okay, step 1: get butt naked. Accomplished sadly. Step 2: get the paper attached. I read the first one, which thankfully said boobs. Guess I can cover them up quickly, and they were small enough that the paper easily lay over them. The tape was uncomfortable, but it was a tiny relief to be a little bit covered. Mind you, there was a good bit of side-boob. The next one said “pussy”, which I guess was self-explanatory. I attached it and thankfully it was large enough to generally cover that whole area. I found two that just said knees, which was odd, but I put them on anyway. Next was belly, followed by elbows: I didn’t really care if these were covered or not, but I didn’t wanna annoy my torturer by not putting them on. It was already bad enough.

Despite finally having more of my body covered, I was still freezing and nearly shivering. There was no competition now that this was the worst day of my life now -not that there ever was-. I found the final scrap of paper, “butt” but despite like a minute of trying I failed to attach it in a way that actually fully covered my ass.

“Ugh, Becca? Just do my back.” She turned, and grinned at my ‘clothing’, laughing really hard.

Barely able to breathe through her giggles, she just said, “My pleasure.”

Before grabbing the tape and paper from my hand, and swirling me around.

I felt a sharp pain on my ass as she smacked it, before taping the paper to it. I rubbed my hand against my butt, “What was that for!?” I nearly screeched.

“Fun, now it’s time for the game!” She said joyously.

“Ugh, what is this stupid game?” I tediously responded.

She smiled widely, staring me straight in the eye, “Well first, we’re gonna join Omegle.”

She couldn’t be f\*cking serious.

**Skype Call - Part IV**

I really hated my life at this moment. I honestly did, and I’m not just saying that because I was freezing my ass off. Or just because I was pretty much butt naked. The largest problem was that it was my sister who betrayed me, and despite finding her annoying most of the time I thought she was actually looking out for me, and I had her back too. I looked down at the small scraps of paper covering my chest. Nope, the largest problem with my life at the moment was the naked part actually I decided. Though the sister thing was pretty shitty too.

I couldn’t believe that I was going to have to be dressed like this on Omegle, shown on webcam for one random stranger somewhere in the world. Hopefully it wasn’t some horny old guy... or well- anybody for that matter. It was completely random though, the site’s algorithm would decide my fate. Which left me scared, and impatient as my sister’s PC slowly booted up.

“Man, somebody’s gonna get lucky soon Gert!” My sister teased.

“Yeah, and it’s not me.” I muttered, my bare feet were starting to hurt against the hard floor: but sitting would probably mess up the paper on my ass so I probably shouldn’t risk it.

Of course my sister could sit however so she plopped right down at her desk chair, leaving me to stand upright behind her, blushing redder each time I saw her click her mouse making her one step closer to the website.

“Look, I know this is pointless, but can’t we forget about this? Like c’mon Becca, do you think Dad would be happy with you if he found out about this?” I said trying to convince her, though I knew it wouldn’t work.

“Dad’s not gonna find out, or those videos are gonna be shown about.” Becca giggled, leaving me to ponder subtle ways of how to murder a family member quickly.

I stared daggers into my sister’s back, more anger in my body than embarrassment. I knew that was going to change though as soon as the webcam went on. And when it went on, my dignity would go with it: not that I honestly had any left after the events that had already transpired.

“Oh okay, you ready?” My sister said.

“Just do it.” I responded.

We started connecting to a random stranger, thankfully I was standing to the side so I wasn’t on camera at the moment. I doubted that would be true for long however, as I eyed my twin’s screen. It connected to this kid, he looked like two years younger than me. God, I guess it could’ve been worse but every outcome was just terrible. My sister sat there, typing to this boy and I could see him type back. At this distance I couldn’t quite make out the text (I was halfway across the room).

“Alright Gert, we’ve got a viewer! See, he’s waving now!” I didn’t dare move closer to the webcam, but I could see the boy was giving a wave, “Now, don’t be shy! Get on cam!”

Ugh, I guess I was going to have to do this shit. At least I had something covering me, even if it was kind of flimsy. It was better than last time anyway. I strode in front of the cam, and just got a large goofy grin come from the kid on cam. I rolled my eyes, trying to not show how mortified I was about this to my sister. I didn’t want to please her with my embarrassment.

“Becca, there? Happy?” I moaned.

“Wave back! And do a twirl.”

Ugh, screw this. But I did it, because it was nothing compared to what I’d done already. I could see the boy was enjoying this a lot more than I was.

“It’s time to start the game!” My sister yelled, making me realize: god this wasn’t the game, “I’m gonna ask you questions, now for each one you get wrong, I take off a piece of paper. Of course, these are questions you should have remembered for the next test!”

“What?! This is crazy Becca? Jesus, how many questions are there?” I was wearing eight pieces of paper at the moment, and I hoped to god there was only eight questions.

“Twelve.” Oh god, I was screwed!

“I haven’t even revised for the test yet! No way will I be able to get twelve correct!” I freaked out, I looked at the computer to see the boy laughing at my freak-out.
“Well, you said you had. Bad luck sis, question one: what’s the purpose of a write line in a computer?” I saw her read off a card she had in her pocket, about the question though I thought I might remember something my teacher said about memory. Which didn’t really help honestly.

“Um, I dunno: it saves the file?” I guessed.

“Kinda correct, but not detailed enough to get a mark. Take one scrap off.” I didn’t want to argue, because I knew it fall to deft ears. Taking off one of my elbow things didn’t make me too exposed, but made me fear what was to come.

She asked the next question off her own card rapidly, “Describe the effects of failure node failure on a star topology.”

“Network failure?

She just shook her head. Goddamn it, I’m totally getting buck-ass naked in front of this kid. He certainly still looked amused anyway.

“Name one way a programmer can make their system robust?” Shit, I knew this one, uhhh....

“Validate the users input?”

“Good job! I knew you could do it!” Becca teased, leaving me very close to giving her the middle finger, “What’s a user-defined function?”

“It’s a line of code which can be called back to?”
“A module created within the program by it’s programmer, which has a value. Next it’s your knees, how scandalous!”

Yup. Totally gonna be nude.

I tore off one of the papers covering my knees, rolling my eyes as I waited for the next question that I’d inevitably fail.

“Describe how a neural net can be trained to produce correct output?”

I didn’t even want to humiliate myself by trying to answer that, so I just straight up took off the other paper covering my knees leading to a giggle by Rebecca.
“Y’know, you could just strip completely naked now. Not much point in waiting for all the questions to finish.”
She spoke the truth, but I kept holding on to the dumb desire that maybe I’d get lucky. Sadly, that’d never happened in the past couple of hours. If third times the charm, then the ninth time must be like destiny?
Apparently not I thought, after failing another question and taking off my tummy cover exposing my \*gasp\* belly button. This is where things got intense, with three coverings left. One more failed question, and this kid was gonna see a lot more intimate parts of me.

“Why does fragmentation result in poor performance?”

“Uh. I don’t even know what fragmentation is?!”

“I’d be surprised if you knew what performance is, you look like a pretty large dumbass right now.” Becca grinned.

“Maybe part of the reason I look stupid is due to the fact that I’m naked except for three scraps of paper. Just maybe though.” I sarcastically said.

“Well it’s soon to be two,” She gloated, making me cringe, “Give our friend here a little show.”

Well, it was a rather easy choice. I was standing in front of the webcam, meaning it was going to have to be my back so I could turn back around when answering more questions. It was obvious I had to turn to take it off however, giving this kid a front-row seat to ‘Gertrude’s Butt: The Movie’.

I turned around, whipped it off and quickly turned back around face turning crimson.

“Nope, do that again, but for ten seconds this time.” Becca laughed.

Jesus Christ, I can’t believe this shit. This was the third person to see my butt today, and it seemed like Christmas came early for this boy with the smile he gave. I just glowered at him in return. I saw him typing (for the first time since I took the ‘stage’).

“I do agree with him Gert, you do have a rather sweet booty.” Becca giggled, making me cringe and want to die at the same time.

“Can I like, get the next question already?”

At least my face was heating up, because this rest of me was froze solid: this room was not made with naked people in mind!

“I’ll give two at once, and end this humiliating charade early. Why does the computer not need a bootstrap loader? What are two functions of the control unit?”

I had no clue, and I had no papers left. I just let the drop, taking the humiliating ordeal. Embarrassing myself intellectually by getting two more questions completely wrong was pointless.

“I hope you’re happy Becca.” I spat out, as the kid roamed his eyes lustfully around my naked body.

“I really am.” She laughed, and I finally just gave her the middle finger. She just smiled back at me.

“Ugh, can I go now? He’s seen every part of my goddamn body.” I asked pointedly.

“Sure, you can get dressed. Say bye!”

I waved, knowing that it was finally over. I went to go get changed, but my sister interrupted me.

“Alright sis, you better start revising. We’ll have one more ‘learning’ session this weekend and after the test, if you pass, you’ll never have to do any of this shit again. Fail? Oh, you will regret it. Badly.” My sister slapped my bare butt again, making me feel really uncomfortable. Though a lot of that uneasiness came from the fact that my mind was pretty much broken from the last two hours.

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I lay down in bed, I assumed Becca was already asleep.
My brain wouldn’t stop thinking, and I couldn’t calm down. It was already 1am, and I just would not get to sleep. I didn’t know how I would handle school in the morning, I’m really bad when I’m sleep deprived. Jeez, I had to talk to somebody about this shit, somebody I could rely on. As embarrassing as it was, Jeff would help me think straight about it. Whilst I prefer he didn’t know, I couldn’t keep this to myself or I knew I’d end up hurting even worse than I already was.

I felt scared for the weekend, if it was anything like the paper thing I really really really didn’t want to do it. It was humiliating, undignified and made me feel incredibly slutty. I wish I hadn’t of masturbated and the knowledge that it was my own sexual urges that started the whole shit made me judge myself. However I wished even harder that Derek and Rebecca weren’t such manipulating bitches. How could my own sister do this to me? It could be some pervy desire, based on the butt spanks and the grins at my humiliation. Or she could be straight-up evil, and just enjoy my misery and finding it funny. Maybe a mixture. It didn’t really matter. All I knew was I had to pass that test I just had to! And I was going to revise a shit-ton, and hopefully I’d be alright though I didn't even know if that'd be enough.

And now I decided I wasn’t gonna take Becca's shit, I’d be a snarky little know-it-all right back. They enjoyed controlling me completely and I’m not giving them everything they please. I’m not giving them total control, even if they have my dignity. I had to let them know, they weren’t getting to me. I had to look tough, at least in front of them. I had to try to make them think hat they weren’t making me feel completely and utterly awful...

Even if they were, as these late night self-pity sessions proved.

**Skype Call - Part V**

I awoke the next morning feeling a little less frustrated and hurt, still mortified and scared none-the-less. However, if I wanted to avoid the plans my sister had in store, I’d actually have to focus in school. Sadly I only gained around three hours of sleep last night, so that was going to be a challenge. I actually nearly dozed off into my cereal, where I sat at the breakfast table alone. My dad had went off to work an hour earlier and my sister had thankfully already left. I wasn’t sure I was emotionally able to hold a conversation with her after the events of last night without feeling embarrassed and stupid, so I was glad that I could avoid that.

I was hoping to soon hear a knock on the door, my friend Jeff usually arrived so we could walk to school together. Jeff and I had an odd relationship, we’d been best friends for like ten years now and were nearly inseparable. I didn’t have like any other friends other than him, and I honestly didn’t mind that; I was fairly anti-social honestly. In terms of relationship though, we had tried to date however I broke up with him after around a month or two. I couldn’t ever really figure out why I ended it, just didn’t feel right I guess. Still, I loved the guy: he was pretty much always there for me. We were able to joke around and be silly, whilst also being serious; as embarrassing an issue this was for me, I was sure I could tell him. I was still fearing the conversation though.

I heard the knocks, so I opened the door, Jeff stood there with a grin.

“Hey Gert, let’s go.”

“Sure.” I decided to try and ease the conversation in a little, before springing all my woes and baggage onto him.

We left the house, I quickly locked the doors with the spare key my dad gave me before we left and began to walk down the sidewalk. School was around fifteen minutes away, so we had a while for a good walk.

“So, that new update for Shooty Shoot Shoot Fighters. Thoughts?” Jeff asked, me and him were pretty into gaming.

Honestly, I liked it despite what the opposite did, “I like it, though it is probably just because now I can finally get kills with SMGs.”

“You disgust me.” He joked, “No skill, all luck.”

“Pretty much, but anything that makes the game easier for me is a great addition considering my suckage.”

“Suckage? I guess we do needs new words to describe how terrible you are that game.”

“Hey! You’ve played like two hundred more hours than me, just wait and I’ll be the greatest player ever. And then we’ll see who underestimates the SMG.” I laughed back, it felt good to finally have a grasp on normalcy in my life.

“So, what’s been happening?” Jeff said, bringing me back to the sad situation: now was as good a time as any.

I went for it, “So... Jeff. I’m gonna tell you something incredibly goddamn embarrassing, and you can’t tell anybody or anything. Seriously.”

“Um, sure.” Jeff smiled, and gave me a confused look.

“No Jeff, I’m being completely serious here. You have to promise.” I spoke harshly.

“Okay, okay. I completely promise Gert, you can trust me, and nobody’ll hear a word of what you’re gonna speak to me about.”

“I do trust you dude, more than anyone... so um...” I had no idea how to say it, and I could already feel my face heating up.

“Don’t worry, there’s no judgement here. Whatever you say, I’m sure it’s not that bad.” Jeff smiled, which just made me cringe seeing how badly he underestimated the situation.

“Jesus, well. My sister and her friend has some serious dirt on me. Like, if that shit got out, my life would literally be ruined.” I said quickly.

“What dirt? Is she going to share it?” Jeff said.

“Ugh, only share it if I don’t do what she says. And she’s asked me to do some really humiliating stuff
already.” I blushed, surely he gets the idea now.

“Like?” I was gonna have to straight up tell him.
“I had to dance butt naked in front of some random guy for one.”

“Oh god Gert! Jeez, you okay? How did you handle that?”
I decided to let some anger out, because I knew Jeff would be understanding, “Well, bluntly: I’m not okay. I’m barely holding it together, dude. I have no idea what to do.”

“Let’s go to the police, seriously. That’s necessary at this point.” Jeff responded, I just shook my head.
“I can’t, she’s blackmailing me with the dancing shit, but also I kinda forgot to put off my webcam when... well getting funky. That’s how this all started. So, yeah I’m completely screwed.” I ranted.

“Look, ugh, is there anyway she said she’d delete the footage?” Jeff asked, I heard genuine concern in his voice.

“If I pass the next test, or else I have to do some stupid dare and this shit continues.”

“Well, here’s my advice: you do the next test. If you fail? Go to the police. If you pass? Try to attempt it didn’t happen. I really just don’t know what else to say, this truly sucks. I feel sorry for you, if there’s anything I can do then just tell me.”

“It is cool dude, it’s just a relief to get this out.” I said, “Just don’t treat me different because of this, the more normal my life is the easier it is to handle this shit.”

He didn’t respond.

“Jeff?” I quizzed, his face looking vacant.

“Oh sorry,” He smirked at me, “Just imagining what you looked like naked.”

“You are like such a pig, but thanks for breaking the tension. Even if it was a really awkward joke.” I rolled my eyes, but smiled all the same.

“Don’t worry Gert, it’ll all be fine. I promise this ‘suckage’ won’t last for long.” He patted me on the back, and we walked to school talking about random gaming related things for the rest of the morning.

I felt a lot better after this conversation, and I was glad Jeff and I just went back to normal chitchat afterwards. It was partly why we were such good friends: he knew the correct things to say. We planned a revision session for Friday, even though he didn’t take Computer Science he’d help me so I wasn’t unprepared for my sister’s ‘training’ on the weekend.

School went normal-ish afterwards, I found it hard to stay focused and only nearly closed my eyes on a few occasions despite how boring most of my classes were. I felt that this was the most attention I’d ever made for a Computer Science class. Once I got home, I mainly ignored my sister despite the smirks and knowing grins she gave my way. Only conversation I had with her were asking for topics that were included in the Computing test, which she gave me saying she was glad I was taking this shit seriously.

Maybe she was just trying to help? I couldn’t believe she’d do it in such a way, and I still couldn’t help but come close to literally despising her for what she’d made me gone through. Attempting to spend the rest of the night revising however fell futile, when I fell asleep at my desk: at least tomorrow would be an easier day now that I actually had some rest.

The weekend was approaching fast, and I was scared to what it would contain.

**Skype Call - Part VI**

Saturday came quickly, and caught me by surprise. Despite the amount of time I spent looking over my revision notes and hauntingly marking the dates on my calendar I still felt completely unprepared. I had no idea what to expect, and I was nervous for the days events. All I could do was hope, and maybe I hopefully wouldn't end up being emotionally scarred. I slowly moved out of my bed, with a large yawn. I started getting changed out of my nightwear into some ratty jeans and a shirt which I noticed had a tomato sauce stain on it after I pulled it over my head. Instead of changing shirt, I opted to lazily cover it with a hoodie which seemed clean.

I moved downstairs, waving to my Dad who sat at the table. I put some bread in the toaster, and put the kettle on so I could have a quick cup of coffee. I should stop feeding that addiction.

"Good morning Gert, how are you?" My Dad asked pleasantly.

"Uh, yeah. I'm good." I nervously said, trying to hide the awkwardness and fear I felt for whatever my sister had planned.

Thinking about my sister seemed to tempt fate, because I heard her move into the kitchen and start to pour some cornflakes.

"Hey dad!" She smiled.

My Dad quickly responded, "Hey sweetie, any plans for today?"

I listened carefully for my sister's response, hoping that I'd maybe find out more about my situation.

"Me and Gert were gonna hang out." She said with a grin, before moving next to me and getting obnoxiously close.

My Dad seemed genuinely happy however, "It's good to see you to getting along! You guys used to be best of friends when you were younger."

"Yea, when we were six." I said sounding sassy.

I quickly buttered my toast, and sat down at the table.

"So, where you guys planning on going?" He asked curiously.

"I don't know, just gonna decide when we're out I guess." Becca gave a unsettling grin at me.

I didn't like the way things were going, so I tried to ignore the conversation and just eat my toast. These last couple of days have been trying on me and I just wanted to relax.

"How's school going?" My Dad said, the question obviously more pointed at me.

"It's fine." I said snappily, the whole grades thing had been a touchy topic for me after everything that had happened.

"Don't be like that Gertrude," Dad noted the tone of my voice, "I just want what's best for you."

"Yeah, me too Gert. If you need help with any subject, I can revise with you." Becca spoke sweetly, if only Dad knew what was actually happening: but I just couldn't afford for any of those clips to go on the internet. So I muttered an apology, and went back to biting into my food.

The conversation continued between my dad and Becca, I stayed out of it and as soon as I finished my toast I excused myself to go and sit in the living room to wait for my sister to come in and ruin an already pretty awful day.

Around ten minutes later, the door creaked open and Becca popped her head in.

"C'mon Gert, lets go!" She spoke happily.

I stood up and followed her out the front door, it was quite a sunny day. The air was fresh and I was still miserable.

"Alright, what torture you got planned?" I questioned harshly.

"Nothing like that," Becca smiled, "It'll be fun: promise."

I didn't believe her: but I didn't have much choice. So I decided to just follow her where she walked.

"Sis, dude. Why are you doing this?" I knew the response would be probable bullshit, but I didn't know what else to say.

"Well, if you've done your revision you'll be fine. I gave you all the resources you need to look over."

"Yea, I did read it but still-"

I was interrupted, "Then you'll be fine, now hurry: we're going to the park."

The walk towards the park was an awkward walk, and little words were exchanged during our stroll. However, thankfully at last we made it there. The park was rather busy, mostly filled with families and young couples. It was a sunny day, so it was fairly popular. We moved towards the pond, I wondered where we were going, when my sister moved into a shaded area filled with trees.

"Alright Gert, let me explain what's gonna happen, you see that bench over there?" She pointed, and I nodded suspiciously, "Well, we're gonna do a game. Like last time, every answer you get wrong you lose something; then afterwards, you gotta run to that bench from here, understand?"

I didn't know what to say, the bench was probably only a minute run there and back. But it was in the middle of the path! I could see at least twenty people that if they looked at the wrong moment I'd be completely seen!

"No way! I'm actually done Becca, stop this now; you've had your fun." I said angrily, trying to keep quiet so nobody heard us.

"Gertrude, I've not had my fun yet. Now, if you know what's good for you: you'll play. Honestly, if you actually did your work before coming, it'll be fine."

I did spend time revising, but I was cornered again. So screw it, the more resistance the longer it'll take.

"Becca, f\*\*\* you. F\*\* this, give me the first question." I angrily responded.

"Wow, fiesty. I like it," Becca grinned. "Okay, so both trainers count as one item and same with socks. You're wearing a bra and panties, correct?"

I nodded.

"Then, that's seven items. I have ten questions, so, you really should be aiming for half marks. Now, you have twenty seconds for each question, okay?"

I nodded again, not bothering to speak.

"Easy start, describe two parts of machine learning?"

I don't remember anything about that in my notes! I had no idea to speak, so just techno babble came out.

"Uh, robots begin to learn to do their tasks assigned to them?"

"Shoes." It was one word, but it hurt. Was I really that stupid I already lost?

I tossed them off, feeling my socks squelch against the muddy ground.

"What's a default value?" I knew this one.

"It's inherited by subclasses or instances unless overwritten by its own slot." I remember reading that exact definition over as Becca had circled it in her notes with a highlighter.

The questions continued, and soon I found myself barefoot. My feet felt weird on the grass and it tickled my foot as I tucked my socks into my shoes. I was on the seventh question and only had five items left.

Soon, I was on the sixth question with four items left. I was asked to drop my hoodie, which I did.

"Nice stain." I completely forget about that, and I angrily rolled my eyes. At this rate I was gonna be butt naked!

I of course got the fifth question wrong, which gave a massive blow to my confidence. I shakily removed my shirt. It was a warm day, so the temperature wasn't shocking but it was so unnerving to be outside dressed like this.

The fourth question was tricky.

"Pants." My sister said. I moaned, this was going way to far: but instead of arguing I took them off. I agreed, and I was too far in to drop out.

My confidence was pretty much broken, I can't believe I had done this badly. I could just hope not too many people looked over as I ran.

"Looks like somebody's going streaking!" My sister smiled, and I agreed with her. No chance I could manage this and I was definitely gonna fail the test Monday. My life sucks and so do I. I couldn't believe all that revision had got me only one correct answer.

Third question was my last chance, or else it was my bra. I hoped however as soon as the question was said my hopes were lost.

"Bra."

...

I unstrapped it, and dropped it in a pile on top of my other discarded clothing. Screw this.

I prepared to fail the next question.

"State two reasons why a library of objects may be provided?"

I knew the answer, and to my sister's suprise she nodded and asked me the next one.

Which I also got correct.

I felt like a genius, and it was satisfying to see my sister frown as I grinned deviously. For once; I won. Or at least I had for two seconds, I soon looked down to see my bare breasts. All I had kept was a pair of frilly pink panties.

My sister remembered this to, "Time to run-" Before she could fully finish her sentence I dashed running as fast I could.

I couldn't run very fast but I had an intensive here: to let as least people see me as possible. It really hurt my goddammn feet though as they bounced off the pebbles in the path. I could see a couple people turn their heads, and I blushed as red as my hair.

I touched the bench, and began running back as fast as my gangling legs could carry me.

"Hey!" I heard somebody yell, I ignored them and continued running; thankfully my bare breasts were small enough that bouncing wasn't an issue.

It was the most unnatural feeling as I ran, and I really hoped nobody was following me as I ran into the bushes. I saw my sister had abandoned me. I quickly moved through my clothes getting dressed as quickly as possible.

Where the hell was my bra? Probably my sister ...ing with me. My hoodie seemed to be missing too, in fact I only saw my shirt with a stain and jeans. ... me.

I quickly fun them on, and began running again through the small forest, slowing down when it seemed nobody was following me. I couldn't believe Becca also took my shoes and socks, it hurt like hell. And without the hoodie, everybody could see what a slob I was. I also still couldn't believe I got that many questions wrong. I started walking the long walk back to my house: my feet felt dead once I arrived to see Becca standing outside grin on her face.

"What was that about?" I angrily asked.

She just tossed my stolen items of clothing at me, shoes boinking me in the face.

"Good luck on the test Monday."

I stood there, feet still bare and with my stained shirt without a bra wondering where it all went wrong.

**Skype Call - Part VII**

"Hey, sister!" I started by day with an annoyingly high-pitched squeal from my equally irritating twin.

At least the noisy awakening kept my mind off the nervousness that today brought- oh, and there I go reminding myself of it! Monday had came way too fast. Like, I swear Becca somehow sped up time just for the chance torture me. I did do work for the test! But god, I could not help from being nervous. Despite me and Jeff's revision on Sunday, my performance on Saturday just showed that I'm pretty useless. He promised me that I'd do fine, but unfortunately I didn't have much faith in his beliefs.

"Well Gertrude, I bid thee farewell; and good fortune. You'll need it." She gave a snarky grin, before leaving the room; already fully dressed and prepared for school.

Unlike me, with my eyes barely open and my pajamas rumpled like my red hair.I was glad she was gone, I knew it was crazy but I just felt uncomfortable recently taking showers inside the house when she was here too. This whole week had made me a complete disaster (if I wasn't one already) and it impacted my routine in the weirdest ways. Walking to the bathroom, I absent-mindfully glanced at my phone screen; Jeff had texted me a generic good luck text and I quickly responded to Jeff's text with a negative sarcastic statement before slowly getting undressed and popping into the shower. As the water ran down my skin, I felt it calming and allowed myself to think. Maybe Becca did just want to help me? It was such an extreme measure to go to... but it did get me to work. And who the hell even was Derek? If I failed, would I go through with whatever Becca had planned? I'd like to say no, but I knew I'd do it. I could try and fool myself as many times as I wanted, but I'd do way too many things to stop any of the pictures they had getting out... even if it created more pictures and more blackmail. It was a terrible cycle.

Damn, I'd been in the shower way too long. I rapidly got out and tried to dry off before getting changed and rushing to the school - forgoing breakfast for the day. I'd get a larger lunch to make-up for it. Sadly Jeff wasn't in my class so I wouldn't be able to talk to him before my examination. But, as I moved towards the school: it was time to face my fears.

I walked into my classroom, actually managing to make it in a decent amount of time. I sat down, and awaited my fate which arrived in the form of a white slip of paper. I rose my pencil, and glanced at the first second. Then looked at the second. Then quickly scanned through the rest of the paper. Then I groaned, and let my head fall
into my hand.

I tried my best, but walking out I knew I'd completely failed. It was the kind of failure that felt worst: the kind where you tried your best, but still you weren't
good enough. And it sucked. I texted out a moody statement to Jeff as I stood outside my classroom not bothering to go to my next class. Because, What's the point? I dreaded going home too, but hey, I deserved whatever punishment my sister gave me. She tried to help, but she should know I was beyond it. All those hours of studying meant jack and I'm just stupid apparently. I dropped into the school office, feigned sickness and began walking back to my house. The rest of the school day just isn't going to happen, which is probably going to annoy my dad. Though thankfully, he isn't too bad about this kind of stuff. The walk home was uneventful, and I soon found myself pushing open the door to my house. I quickly kicked off my ratty trainers and met my dad in the living room.

"Hey, you're home early, how did the test go?" He asked, smiling warmly.

"Fine." I said snappily and my dad easily noticed the moody expression on my face.

He grinned and responded, "I'm certain you did great, hon. Don't worry about it."

His efforts to placate me failed however, as I already knew that I didn't even answer even 50% of the questions. I just nodded and slumped sadly upstairs, before entering my room and lying on my bed; staring at nothing. The rest of my day was spent trying to pass the time before Becca came home, playing video games and reading (kinda awful) trashy novels. Whilst lying down on my bed, I found myself become tired whilst I was reading chapter four and I decided to take a quick nap.

Upon awakening I found my twin standing over me smirking, I tried to ignore her and go back to sleep, but she pushed me out of my bed and onto the floor. I stood up and rubbed my butt, scowling at my sister.

"Ugh, c'mon dude. That actually hurt." I grouched.

"How'd the test go?" She grinned.

I shrugged, and picked up my book.

"That bad, huh? Oh well, there's other tests." I nodded in response, before she continued, "You still got your punishment though sis."

I moaned, "Fine! What is it?"

Becca teasingly giggled and winked at me, "You're gonna streak the whole school."

**Skype Call - Part VIII**

I stared mouth open at Becca in shock, unsure if I heard her correctly. She really couldn't expect me to do that! But as I looked at the stupid smug expression on her face literally looking down at me sitting on the floor I realised that factually my sister was a complete and utter bitch.

"No." I whispered, "Not this. Please."

Rebecca knelt down and pushed my hair away from my face, god this was some ...ing Freudian shit. I looked away as she attempted to make some intense eye contact, "Don't worry Gert. We'll disguise you so nobody will know who it is. I just want you to get better and take schooling seriously. You pass your next tests and nothing like this will ever happen again. But failing has consequences, yes? So don't fail in the future."

She was right, I was a failure. Just an idiot who couldn't do things right and was going to streak in front of everybody I knew. I failed the test because I'm stupid. I was the only one to blame here and that just made me feel worse. Was I crying? ..., don't cry. Why does telling yourself not to cry make it worse?

"Shhh..." Becca uncomfortably cradled me, "It'll all be alright. This is just the first step to getting better. If you accept the consequences of your actions it'll show you can improve."

I just rested my head on her shoulder and shakily replied, "O-okay."

"It'll happen tomorrow okay? I'll get everything prepared. You just get a good nights rest." Becca ran her hand through my hair slowly.

I didn't want to do it but I felt like I had to. I agreed to this deal and I failed the test. I deserved this. I wiped the tears from my face and nervously pushed Becca away. That's enough physical contact for a while. I didn't enjoy getting touched and her doing so just served to make me more unnerved even if she was my sister. I moved to the desk grabbing a pair of tissues to clean up a little. I attempted to calm myself down by taking deep breathes and listening to some chill music for a few minutes to distract myself before getting into bed.

Falling asleep was hard when all I could think about was what exactly my sister had planned. I really didn't want all the assholes of the school who I ignored seeing my entirely nude body but it seemed like a real possibility. Something that seemed unimaginable just around a week ago. But I'd already done so much embarrassing shit maybe I'd be able to handle it. Still I felt my face heat up just thinking about it. What if Ryan who I had a little crush on for years saw me? What if the biggest class gossip Monica saw me? What if the old pervert teacher Mr. Smith saw me? What if somebody took a video!? I fell asleep to these many uncomfortable thoughts.

I woke up uncomfortable too having tossed and turned during the night my covers lay on the floor as I lay freezing on the bed. I got up, my hair an absolute mess. I couldn't be bothered fixing it. I could barely be bothered getting dressed but that I did anyway. I opted for the most simple outfit I had; just an old pair of jeans and a t-shirt with a skull on it. Hey, don't judge me, I just went through an edgy phase! One that I was going to probably reenter after I was done with all this shit. After I was done with therapy that is.

I went to the bathroom and thought about having a shower but decided against it. Who cares if I stunk? My reputation was already probably ...ed anyway. For the same reasoning I didn't care to put makeup on too even though I probably should of. I had a sizeable zit on my nose and I realised how bad my sleep was yesterday. I had massive dark bags under my eyes; I must've only got an hour or two amongst all that worrying. ... I looked like shit today. At least it matched with how I felt. I just splashed some water on my face, hoping that was enough so I wasn't zombie throughout the day.

I went downstairs and tried to acted normal around my dad. Thankfully for me normal was pretty easy to pull off because I was pretty externally expressionless even at the best of times. The only sign something was wrong with me was that I was forgetting things. As I left the house I realised immediately that I forgotten shoes and even somehow my glasses. God I was a ...ing idiot. I turned around and went to my room grabbing them before I ran downstairs put on my shoes and left. I did remember to text Jeff to leave without me today because I did not want him involved in this at all. I'm not having pretty much my only friend see me butt ass naked.

Becca had sent me a text too, just telling me to meet her in the girls gym locker room at third period. I had Physics then so at least I didn't have to suffer through that boring class even if I was suffering in other ways. The first two classes went by slowly as all I could think about was the humiliation I was going to face later. By streak did she mean I was going to do a naked lap through the school? Or would I be allowed to wear coverings? Would it just be down a hallway? How far was Becca going to take this? Ugh, my mind couldn't handle the possibilities! What did she mean by disguise? I told myself to stop thinking about it but that didn't help much.

Eventually it came to third period and I sneaked out of the crowd towards the gym, trying to look inconspicuous as I did so even though I knew nobody cared. They didn't know I was going to probably be naked soon. I pushed through the wooden doors to the locker room and looked around. The only people in the room seemed to be me and my sister who waved as soon as I entered.

"Glad you could make it sis!" Becca sat there on the bench and gestured me to sit down next to her.

I awkwardly and silently did so and she instantly turned around to face me. God why can't she look away? She knew I didn't like ...ing eye contact especially with her. But she seemed to enjoy making me uncomfortable as of late; she forced the issue, putting her hand on my knee. I wasn't having that as I slapped it away making her sigh and move on.

"Somebody is testy! So I've got your disguise in this bag." Becca smiled like a cruel shark as she pointed to the large brown handbag she carried usually. I wondered what was inside it other than her usual stupid horoscope magazines.

I just closed my eyes for a second, gave a deep breath and prepared myself for the worst, "What is it?"

**Skype Call - Part IX**

"Don't worry Gert, I'll do your makeup," Becca said, "We'll cover up those ugly bags under your eyes? We don't want people to think you are ugly do we?"

"I really couldn't care." I said attempting to keep my voice neutral.

"Well I do! Seriously sis you've got to take better care of yourself!" Rebecca smiled while bringing up disgustingly vivid coloured pastel makeup from her bag along with a minuscule brush, "Oh don't look so concerned, I use this stuff all the time."

"Just go ahead," I sighed, "Just don't make me look an idiot."

Becca giggled and I swear it sounded sinister as she went to work tickling my annoyed face with her small brush. Whenever I tried to vocalise to question what was actually going to happen she obnoxiously silenced me by forcefully putting her finger to my lips saying, "Let me focus. We don't want to ruin it do we?"

I sat in the awkward silence grumpily as she went to work. Rebecca loved doing makeup and it was all she did at home half the time. Sometimes I tried to make myself seem pretty and I used to put on a lot of dark shades of eye shadow, eyeliner and mascara. And from that brief experience I had no idea what the ... Becca was doing with those pastel paints. It wasn't like any kind of makeup I'd seen before but I guessed she was the expert here. She kept making annoying pensive sounds as she analysed my face then dotted it again with a brush. I felt like an experimental chimpanzee in animal testing or some bullshit.

And concern was proved when my twin stepped backwards scanning my appearance and declaring loudly, "Perfect!" In an ominous voice that made me feel that maybe things were in reality not perfect.

"Oh ..., what have you done?" I said, my hand moving to my face in frustration but she knocked my hand away.

"Don't ruin it! Let me get you a mirror." Rebecca reached into her bag, "You tell a lot of hilarious jokes Gertchen so you'll love this!"

Rebecca took out a hand-mirror and I saw my reflection then promptly shouted, "You asshole!"

She'd made me look like a ...ing clown! This wasn't makeup it was face-paint. Idiot! How did I not realise that? My ...ing entire face was a glossy utterly white with a massive ruby red coloured nose and smudged crimson paint outlined my scowling mouth. Along with that my cheeks were bright red both naturally and unnaturally. I grabbed the unholy mirror and tossed it to the ground before letting out a strained scream and booted the dumb bench hard enough to hurt my foot. I clutched it painfully; maybe I was a goddamn circus act or at least skilled in slapstick.

"You reacted better than I thought you would. Come on at least nobody will recognise you now." She said.

"What do you mean? Anybody could see through this shit!"

"Not if you run fast!" Becca smirked, "And here to help out, tuck your hair in this hat." She pulled out a pink cap with the words Cutie Pie written across it in cursive pink handwriting.

"Are you kidding me? What else will I be wearing?" I groaned.

"Absolutely nothing! Go on strip!"

I was exhausted of my twin and her galling voice, it was totally now that I'd heroically stand up to this younger (by a couple of minutes) teenage girl, "Why the ... would I do that?"

Becca was silent for a brief moment then picked up the mirror and brought it before me and spoke too softly, "Look at yourself Gertchen. You agreed to this and you failed." I shied away from my miserable painted face, while Becca let out a long drawn, "If you don't do it, you'll force me to release those interesting videos to the whole school along with father. Show goddamn responsibility for your own actions for once in your life!"

She hadn't even finished her sentence before I had already shamefully kicked off my trainers and pulled my jeans to the ground. She had conquered me and my ridiculous paltry concept of dignity. I realised I was way too used and way too to experienced at stripping. I reached my baggy shirt over my head throwing it against the bench and snatched the cap from Rebecca and put it on pushing my hair inside it. Briskly I removed my underwear and stood there in the nude. A naked ...ing clown.

"What-what now?" I stuttered all the brief confidence oozing out of me like a humiliated sponge.

"Great!" My twin smiled widely, looking over my exposed pale body (At least my dumb white face matched my milky skin), "You are flawless Gert. All you have to do now is open that door then run to the Lost and Found! I've put some clothes laid out for you there... and no need to panic, jeez, I got them from your wardrobe this morning."

The Lost and Found? That was the other side of the school! I'd have run down two long hallways, a spiral staircase and then cross into the second building across the grounds. Meanwhile I'd be passing by dozens of classrooms which could open their doors at any moment! I felt my heart plunge. ... ... ...!

I nervously rocked back and forth, "Rebecca I don't think I can do this. Really!" I really hoped my facial expression wasn't as pathetic as I felt.

Rebecca instead moved to the door and opened it, "Just walk through. It's that easy."

"...!" I sprinted for the door moving through it into the open. I was naked streaking in school! God I had to go fast. If anybody saw me I'd straight up die, especially since I appeared a stupid clown. And then my dead body would morbidly lay on the academy floor. And I'd nevertheless be butt naked.

My bare feet smacked off the floor echoing throughout the vacant hall and my fat ass uncomfortably jiggled as I dashed madly through the first hallway passing by closed doors which reminded me literally anybody could come out at any moment and see my completely exposed body. I nearly hurtled squarely into a metallic water fountain just barely managing to sidestep in time. My mind was hardly working with a large percentage of my total brain power focused on just not having an anxiety attack. This was a literal ...ing nightmare. Why did I even consent to this? Anything would be better than this. My heart was bursting both from the physical exercise and the goddamn fear that somebody would see this. It was so ...ing unnatural; with the air hitting my body from each angle, with my miniature tits bouncing and with the fact that I was goddamn naked! So, so NAKED!

I had little care for my body. I would simply describe it with the uncomplicated words "Meh." or "Average." But that didn't imply I wanted a living soul to see it starkers! My ickle boobs were a private showing with only me having knowledge of the venue address. What mental disorder did my sister have and how could she put me through this torture? We formerly were best friends before Mom's premature accident. What was wrong with me? Overall I guessed this was my own horrific fault. I should have passed my test or just said no.This all would have been readily avoided if I immediately went to the police like Jeff explicitly suggested. Why didn't I? Did I want this? I had the despairing feeling that I ...ing deserved it. I was a useless bitch to everybody in my life and I spent more time focusing on my meagre problems than I did legitimately improving them.

I imagined that if anybody saw me I'd be the main topic for the entire student population as they excitedly gossiped about the mysterious clown streaker! And probably then babbled about how hot she looked; I needed to avoid that dreadful scenario. It was necessary to go faster and possibly then nobody would even catch even a brief glimpse of me! I mindlessly rounded the corner not even noticing where I was running and collided harshly with a poor student knocking us both to the sore ground. I guess this was stupidly ironic.

**Skype Call - Part X**

Of course me being quick and careless was what caused me to be caught. And now there was a doe-eyed teen staring into the eternal abyss of my hairy vagina. Goddamn. I pushed myself to my feet and intelligently covered my naughty parts with my hands which I wished for the first time that they were bigger. The awkward boy looked up at me with what I can only assume was awe of my glorious body.

"You- you are a clown?" He stuttered.

I guess he was only confused and not awestruck, "Good catch kid. I'm gonna just go-" I awkwardly pointed forwards before resuming my sprint.

I cringed as I recalled his face when he saw my entirely nude body. I cringed further when I realised he was still receiving a fantastic view of my bouncing butt. I really hoped I wasn't crying, if this face paint ran it'd somehow look more pathetic. This isn't the first stranger to have seen me naked recently (and that thought was disgusting enough on it's own) but he was the first person to be able to physically touch me. I felt sick and I still had an entire hallway and staircase to run down.

I really hoped that kid didn't tell any of his friends about this and suddenly I realised that he could totally be recording me currently. I didn't want to look back in case my fears were realised with my horrible 'make-up' immortalised in video form and ending up with "Streaking Bozo!" hitting millions of views online.

This was the most physical exercise I had done in years. Probably more than I had done ever. Nothing like the spine-chilling dread of being seen nude by literally everybody you know to get you a healthy work-out session, my sister should market this as a scheme. Warning: side effects may include intense nausea, a cosmic level of embarrassment and developing a lasting complex!

I continued my mad sprint and internally thanked the school AC unit for being shitty. The temperature was hot and stuffy; uncomfortable for any normally dressed student but perfect for running starkers in. Who knew?

I had nearly reached the end of the seemingly infinite hallway and reached towards the doorway to the stairs when suddenly the classroom door behind me started slowly teasing open. I couldn't be caught, not again! With a desperate burst of speed which sounds more impressive than it was, I jumped forwards pulling the door wide and throwing myself inside nearly falling down the stairs in the process.

I'd done it. That was a close one. I allowed myself to catch my breath feeling incredibly flustered and simply exhausted. But I had to keep moving before that kid told anyone or whoever left the classroom came further. But I could rest for a little second right? I was closer to my clothes presently than ever and the next part should be easiest. Nobody will be in the grounds during classroom! As I thought that I remembered one thing: fate apparently despised me and any sort of positive thinking.

The fire alarm blasted out no, no, no! F\*\*\*! Students would be coming from right behind me... and right in front of me all headed to the meetup point... directly in the middle of the school yard! I just had to be faster than either of them, hopefully the fact that these drills are never real will slow people down. God, everyone was going to see me naked! If I wasn't crying slightly earlier I was at this moment. And now I was a sad clown. F\*\*\*ing fantastic.

I bounded downstairs barely touching the steps as I went faster than I thought my bare stringy physique was able to. I abandoned even trying to keep my (much too small) hands in front of me; I needed to run! I kept repeating in my mind; you are naked! Nude! Au natural! Those thoughts weren't very comforting surprisingly enough. But I was afraid to have any sort of optimism for fate to use as ammunition against me.

The stairs hurt my poor little feet. I wasn't going to stand for days or hopefully years after this experience. My heart rate was so high from anxiety and stress I was pretty sure that I was about to have a heart attack. That'd teach Rebecca. I mildly hoped that I'd die out of pure spite, it'd be hilarious. One last act for the circus!

I finally reached the door between me and freedom. I was hearing an incredibly worrying amount of chatter and footsteps from above. I needed to go! Once I was in the grounds I could run to the Lost and Found hopefully making it without being seen by anyone.

I barged open the door ran through it into the outside and in front of me stood hundreds of students staring mouths opened at the butt naked clown girl. F\*\*\* you fate! F\*\*\* you!

"Oh my god, who is that?"
"She's naked!"
"Ew! Put it away slut!"
"That's kind of hot."
"What's wrong with her face?"

Too many people were there. It felt like the whole student population was standing there commenting, joking and gazing upon my horrifically nude body but I was acutely aware that there were people coming from behind me. F\*\*\*! I had to get past this crowd to the second building before somebody f\*\*\*ing realised who I was and my reputation was destroyed. How could this be happening to me? I couldn't process it. Too many voices, too many eyes! Oh God, how many people were recording this? My heart plummeted into my stomach making me feel like I was going to puke.

This was immortalised on video. Not just everybody here would see my stupid boobs, my stupid ass and stupid pussy but everybody on the internet would see it too. I guess private parts was the wrong words for them now; they had more attention than I'd personally ever had. I wished I could go back to blending into the background honestly that was the way I liked it.

This was the end of my life. My f\*\*\*ing face-paint ran down with my wet tears nearly as fast as I ran through the crowd. I awkwardly pushed my awkwardly naked self past the quickly gathering crowd trying to ignore what everybody was saying. I cringed as heard the unmistakable voice of the teacher Mr. Smith (of course, he was seeing this!) try and bring order to the rambunctious students but obviously nobody was listening to him. They were all too busy filling the air with obnoxious laughter and jokes.

"You don't see this everyday."
"She's obviously doing it just for attention. Ignore her!"
"Guys! Her face looks like a f\*\*\*ing clown!"
"Do you guys really think THAT is sexy?"

I knew most students were trying to stay away from the strange desperate streaking girl but the brave deviant ones excelled in making me feel like each student and teacher was taking part in and enjoying my humiliation. They smacked my ass embarrassingly and painfully as I shoved my way between the perverted mob. An unknown kid was fearless enough to knock the protection of my Cutie Pie cap off my head and onto the floor letting my untidy red hair fall backwards. Now I was finally literally nude in front of all. Laid bare to the cold air and the chilling ogling.

I didn't think things would've came to this or I would never have agreed. This was way more humiliating than one stupid video of me masturbating posted online with nobody I know seeing it. It was hard to believe that was how this started? With Derek spying on me f\*\*\*ing myself. Things escalated and escalated until they hit a point of no return: here. In the schoolyard butt naked in front of probably everybody I'd ever knew. Hundreds (or, uh, hundreds times two) of greedy eyes examining my bare skin from pale toes to stupid clown face.

My milky flesh shone in the cold sunlight as it rubbed up against random people that I didn't know the name of and some people I swore I recognised. I didn't know which one of those options made me cringe harder. My tiny tits were seemingly a talk of the people and they attracted a lot of pointing and unimpressed comments. My ass had a more favourable reception as the crowd critically accessed my body out loud. I wanted to scream at them to just let me go but I didn't feel that I could speak without immediately vomiting.

"Is that Rebecca?"

No, no, no! They were getting close! I needed to leave before somebody figured out who I was! I covered my blushing face with my hands soiling the shitty paint even more as I ultimately made it out of the ceaseless swarm and pushed past into the second building. I was certain that at least some people were following me but I prayed that the incompetent teachers regained some sort of order to save my rather naked behind.

I couldn't believe that all happened and I didn't want to accept the shameful truth. But too much difficult proof was indisputably there with the beyond cherry red blush which reached from my freckled cheeks to the rest of my pasty body, the stinging pain throughout my glowing burning bottom and the many numerous cruel comments I overheard floated around in my mind casually and for the first time since I was fourteen I felt timidly insecure about my body.

I needed to stop crying, I was required to fix this! As soon as I heard the crowd noise slowly fade away I gave myself a couple of moments to calm down even a little bit. I rubbed my wet eyes to wipe away the many many ugly tears and smudging the makeup in the process . Not just that, I finally completed my earlier promise and puked up on the floor. I won't describe that part in detail and you're welcome in advance. At least nobody was here currently.

Without thinking I realised I was literally at the Lost and Found. I guess it was closer than I thought... or I was very distracted. I couldn't help but expect a final cruel trick and that Rebecca hadn't actually put clothes in there. And then she'd jump out from behind the corner with my dad, Jeff and Kevin then screeching "Gotcha!" in her annoying voice and having all four of them cackle at me. I may have been paranoid but that was how my shitty day had went so far.

But that didn't happen.

Instead I opened the very obvious box left out in the open and to my great surprise saw my favourite set of clothes. My funniest (and that is saying a lot) shirt that said "SOMETIMES I USE WORDS I DON'T UNDERSTAND SO I CAN SOUND MORE PHOTOSYNTHESIS" along with a comfortable pair of casual black jeans and my cosy long camouflage jacket. She'd also been kind enough to leave underwear; normal plain white inconspicuous underwear too! Not just that she'd lent me her favourite hazel boots which I sometimes stole to her absolute displeasure and a comfortable looking pair of woolly black socks which looked brand new. She cared after all which gave an uneasy feeling I couldn't vanquish. I looked further into the box as I was getting dressed and saw that she left me a bunch of tissues along with a small mirror and a note was tucked underneath my shirt.

"You are so brave. You'll get better because of this.
Use these tissues to clear up your face and leave through the backdoor I'll be there with a car - Becs (Duh!)"

I felt both an overwhelming sensation of relief throughout my entire body along with a contradictory feeling of absolute numbness and apathy. I did as the instructions said acting on autopilot: something that I was actually skilled at with all the embarrassing orders I'd followed recently. Quickly pulling up my pants and finally fully dressed I sniffed as I used the tissues to clear my horrific face-paint; I now probably had a everlasting phobia of clowns. F\*\*\* this day. F\*\*\* this day so much.

It was time to confront the repercussions of it. And I really really hoped I still had tissues leftover for that awkward predicament.

**Skype Call - Part XI**

I stumbled forward, I guess it was the only place I could really go. Well either that or go back towards hundreds of eager eyes waiting for some idiot to reveal their identity. It felt oddly weird to not be walking bare foot through these eerily silent halls, the only sound being my own footsteps. I hated moving through the empty corridors... it just gave me too much time to think. And right now if there was anything I didn't want to do it was to think about earlier events. I was literally just completely naked in front of nearly everybody I knew. That was a completely factual mortifying certainty.

Just don't think about it. Like f\*\*\*, how would I look any of the kids from my school in the eyes again? They had just saw every little part of my little pale bare body. From my small tits to my stupid ass. Nope, that's you thinking about it again. Think about something else, like good memories. Remember those simple times when you hadn't been humiliated in front of the entire school? F\*\*\* you brain, stop reminding me. At least everybody is probably still outside leaving these hallways vacant. It'd be pretty upsetting if after all that sprinting somebody found me and just dragged me to the principals office where I got my dumb face expelled.

Without really thinking I finally came to the entrance where I hesitantly opened the door to the sunlight yet again, which gave me mild anxiety after the events of the last door I opened wide. At least I had clothes and modesty this time. I moved outside into the raw daylight and still felt gross. I needed to just go home and maybe lie in my bed and hopefully just straight up die. Walking slowly towards the parking lot I saw the rather smug face of my superior sister wave her hands wildly at me while next to a very specific vehicle.

That was undoubtedly Jeff's car.

Ugh s\*\*\* I couldn't deal with him right now, not after this! I looked closer I saw that he was standing awkwardly at the front of the car thumbing through his phone. F\*\*\*, well at least he wasn't with the collective crowd who gawked at me earlier. I wished I could read minds to be able to read the strange expression he had on his face; what had Rebecca told him?

"Hurry up Gert! We don't have all day, people could be coming!" Becca yelled and I finally noticed that I had just stopped in place as I thought. Jumping in shock I followed up by running towards the car and leaned against it to catch my horrifically raspy breath. Yeah, I needed to exercise more. Jeff moved behind me and I didn't know if his presence was comforting or scary at this point. Probably both. But I didn't need to be able to mind read to see that he looked concerned.

"Gert what happened? She..." Jeff gave a crude gesture Becca's way and I wished I was gutsy enough to ditto him, "She told me you'd need help! Is this because of what you told me about last week?"

I gave out a very weak and pathetic nod, not really able to do much else.

"Look Jeffy, you can play hero later. Gert needs to get home." Becca said nonchalantly while giving me both a pitying and an 'I'm-better-than-you-my-naked-loner-sister' look, "I'd obviously take her but I've got cheerleader stuff."

"That's isn't good enough Rebecca, f\*\*\*ing look at her!" Jeff pointed at me, which while it may have made a point also made me feel much worse, "What the f\*\*\* did you put her through? God this is messed-up! Don't walk away!"

But Becca hadn't listened to his infuriated yelling and was already leaving not even taking a small peek over her shoulder to show just how little she cared. Jeff followed after her for a couple of steps muttering curses as he did so before he glanced back to me who was currently feebly leaning up against his car raggedly. This probably wasn't my finest hour.

"Look Gert-" Jeff was going to say something but cut himself off quickly, putting his hand to his forehead, "Ugh, just get in the car. I'll drive you back."

I got into the car; I didn't know if I could disobey any orders at this point even if they came from f\*\*\*ing Jeff. Ever since I'd escaped that crowd I felt like I was almost sleepwalking. Well this could count as a nightmare. I moved into the back seat of Jeff's objectively s\*\*\*ty car which was probably a strange move considering the way he raised his eyebrows as we both knew how s\*\*\*ty the rear of his car smelt. But I couldn't lie down and bury my face in the oddly stained cushions if I was riding shotgun.

Jeff slowly started the car and we went off, I hoped to avoid any awkward small talk but he inevitably asked, "What happened?"

I wanted to tell him that I streaked the whole school while cosplaying a circus clown. I wanted to tell him humiliated I was. I wanted to say I never wanted to take my face out of this disgusting seat. All that came out though was, "Nothing." It sounded worse considering my croaky frog-like voice. don't know why I didn't just tell him, I guessed that I didn't want to talk about it. Man I wish I understood my own feelings better.

Jeff sighed and it sounded exactly like my mother used to, "Look, we both know that isn't true? Please just tell me I want to help."

I raised my head so my voice wasn't muffled and clearly said, "Jeff just drive, s\*\*\*."

It was then he decided to not take my advice and instead do the exact opposite. This was pretty much the first time Jeff hadn't done what I said so it was shocking to say the least. It was also shocking because he stopped with a couple of cars angrily honking behind him.

"No look Gert, we've got to talk about this." He leaned over and looked into the backseat, forcing me to make eye contact, "This is messed up."

I sat up and crossed my arms like a moody child, "I don't want to talk about it.", the only was I could be more petulant is if I had stuck out my tongue.

"Mhm. Well we're not moving until you do. Just tell me what happened-" Jeff tried to reason.

But before he could finish I opened the door to the car which caused the cars behind to angrily honk when Jeff rushed out after me. Great, this was the second spectacle I'd made today. And Jeff was just clearly breaking traffic laws at this point; I hoped he got his license taken away the overprotective bitch.

"Gert what the f\*\*\* are you doing?" He swung his arms around (very dramatically I must admit) to the side and let out the most exasperated groan, "Look, I'll just drive you okay? No more questions I promise!"

But I didn't listen. I was fine with walking at this point. I really didn't want to look at Jeff's dumb face right now and when he moved towards me despite that I got a little pissed, "Just f\*\*\* off okay?!" I yelled. I was tired of this. He had to get back to his car anyway, I'm pretty sure the man stuck behind him was getting ready to fight. I ignored his next words and I ignored them so well I won't even put them down in dialogue here.

As I walked away I felt good for standing up for myself. Then I realised I'd abandoned an objectively speedy ride and now was forced to walk by my lonesome for half a hour. But at least I'd have nobody trying to force me to talk about my horrific feelings; I'd be leaving that for the inevitable therapist in a few years. Just being able to ignore blathering to Jeff about my obvious desperate emotions made it worth the almost tortuous walk home where I'd be thinking about them endlessly anyway.

Ah s\*\*\*, he was just trying to be nice. Even if he was being an overbearing annoyance. Maybe I should text an apology to him? Wait, f\*\*\*. I didn't even have a phone; I left that in my pants in the girls locker room. I guess I could wait to text that apology. I found myself wishing for the phone to distract myself on this dull walk. At least I'd be home and able to cry as much as I wanted when I got there.

And when I got home I found myself crying more than I wanted to because as soon as the door creaked open I heard an exasperated voice say, "Gertchen?"

My dad knew something was up and before I could stop myself my eyes wouldn't stop watering, "Yeah, y-yeah dad?" I tried to sound normal but that is rather hard when wet tears are spilling from your eyes and your voice is as dry as a desert.

"Please come in." He sounded disappointed and heartbroken. Man, this wasn't going to go well.

"Do, I uh, have to?" I said.

"Yes." He grunted as I shakily walked into the room. He was wearing his serious face and the last time I'd saw that was at mom's funeral. This was bad. He totally knew everything, "I got a call by the school's office staff today. Is it true Gertchen? Please tell me it isn't."

Okay he maybe didn't know the full context but he already knew too much. I didn't answer vocally but I guessed my sobs were answer enough to his question.#

"Oh Gertchen? Why?" His voice broke too, being nearly only a whimper. He looked so, so disappointed.

I didn't know how to answer and I didn't know what to answer so I just said, "I don't know." Which probably wasn't the correct thing. But I shrugged and wailed hoping that I'd be so pitiful that this conversation would just end. He moved up towards me and cradled me in his arms, I guess I was very good at being pathetic.

"It'll be okay Gertchen? We'll get somebody for you to talk to." He paused, "Is this about mom?"

I just wailed further into his already soaking shirt, "No!" God, I felt miserable. He stayed silent for a while thankfully, knowing not to push the issue unlike Jeff. Until he allowed me to retreat from his arms and walk backwards. F\*\*\* I'd made a mess. I didn't know what looked worse, his polo or my face.

"I'm- I'm going to go to bed." I stuttered.

He just nodded, looking uneasy, "Do you want me to bring you up a cup of tea?"

I quietly nodded before I sprinted my way upstairs wanting to get as fast away from my defeated dad as possible. He just stood there standing in the abandoned living room. Many horrible thoughts bounced around in my head after that conversation but the main one was: everybody knew. My life was ruined.

**Skype Call - Part XII**

I woke up around noon wrapped in a cocoon of blankets and woeful self-pity. It'd been three lengthy days since the embarrassing incident and things had been eventful for me even if I had barely moved from my bed of eternal grief.

Firstly I was obviously going to be expelled and was currently in the process of being so. My dad said it didn't matter but I felt with this going on my record I wouldn't be able to get into any of the colleges I wanted to. Who wants a perverted streaker on campus?

Secondly my sister wasn't being a bitch surprisingly. She was barely around because unlike me she actually had a school to go to each day. But she really didn't comment about it and only told me briefly she didn't intend for me to be caught.

Thirdly, I still didn't have my f\*\*\*ing phone back. My sister just shrugged, said it's somewhere and that she'd get it when I mumbled for it from underneath my covers. That was a couple days ago.

The more I thought about things the more I blamed myself however. I didn't really deserve to be in education if I wasn't able to learn enough to pass a single test despite my best efforts. Maybe I did need this cruel reality forced to me directly showing me how the world really was. Becca could be right.

That thought certainly didn't make me want to leave my blanket fort though. I knew that at some point I had to move on but couldn't I give it like another couple of days? Weeks? Years?

My dad came in and slowly opened the door gazing awkwardly inside at his second favourite child. He'd tried to be supportive and book therapists lately to talk about my perverted desires. I didn't know how to explain everything that happened and I didn't think that I could without being accused of lying. Becca was always his darling little girl while I was the weird loner child. Of course I'd be the one who streaked the school and Miss Perfect had nothing to do with it.

"Hey sweetheart you okay? Want to go out and grab lunch?" My dad said softly but despite that I could see unease on his face.

I tried to swallow that lump in my throat, "I'm not hungry. Let's leave it for now?"

He just nodded with a frown spreading across his face, "Yeah, alright. I've been on the phone to that woman and she's agreed to speak to you on Sunday. It's just a little introduction session, there's no need to commit if you don't want to." He paused, "I think it'd really be helpful okay?"

I just nodded and he gazed around the room where I had left dirty plates and half-eaten wrappers around. I'd been very lazy lately.

"You should probably clean up the room," He paused, "And yourself for that matter. When was the last time you showered?"

I shrugged which didn't seem to appease him judging by the expression so I spoke up, "Alright, I'll take one. Happy?"

"Sure." He smiled and headed downstairs obviously glad that this incredibly uncomfortable conversation was over. I knew that the longer I didn't speak up about everything the worst things got but hopefully I could go to this therapist lady and she'd confirm to him I wasn't some perverted creep. Or maybe she would call me one which would probably justify everybody but me in this situation.

I got up slowly out of my bed. F\*\*\* I smelt like shit and I needed that goddamn shower but I was edgy to ever take my clothes off again after last time. But I wasn't going to wear a swimsuit to the bathroom because I wasn't that deplorable.

I looked in the mirror and instantly regretted it because of how horrible I looked. My acne was acting up and my hair was somehow sticky. I slowly stripped reminding myself that this time I was the only one here. I saw my nude reflection that everybody at my school had already seen in great detail.

I showered and quickly towelled off in the bathroom, ensuring to get dressed again before I unlocked the door and headed to my room where I opened the door directly to the PC. I guessed I needed to start that up.

I'd been putting off checking social media for a couple of days, dreading the Facebook messages I'd have received. I was pretty sure everybody at school knew I was the clown streaker. But I also needed to respond to Jeff because I was an asshole to him that day and never apologised.

So I hesitantly turned the computer on and let it boot up, maybe I could watch funny YouTube videos to distract myself from the boredom being suspended gave you. But firstly I probably should get on my account. I opened Facebook and signed out of my sisters account which had way more friends than I did. I wasn't a creep so I didn't look at any of her messages.

I was glad that my account didn't have many friends. I set it so only people I friended could send me messages thankfully meaning I had way less abuse than I probably would otherwise. There were a couple upsetting messages though.

Nina Brown called me a slut and we had been friends for years even if we didn't talk more recently. Kyle Mason had sent me a YouTube video of the streak (that was definitely not what I meant when I said funny YouTube videos earlier) and also a crying laughing emoji saying is this you. I was afraid to click that link and see the comments or view count underneath it. I really really hoped that I hadn't gone goddamn viral.

I was worrying too much. Just ignore it and message Jeff an apology, okay Gertchen? So I did that. He'd already messaged me a heartfelt sorry of course because he wasn't a garbage friend. He didn't even need to apologise for what happened.

It was then I got a Skype Message ping and it showed up in my bottom corner. Derek with the words, "so what happens next?? xD" which immediately made me want to be a creep. Derek was the dickhead that recorded me masturbating and I couldn't stop my curiosity from peeking at their chats.

And what I saw shocked me.

My sister had f\*\*\*ing set me up.

She'd set up all of this.

I nearly tossed the computer in anger but then I couldn't keep reading this absolute bullshit that she'd wrote. I quickly moved the logs back to the day of the first event where Derek had caught me. She'd made him describe what he'd done to me in detail and then for some f\*\*\*ing reason encouraged it. She told him that I was a f\*\*\*ing sad loser.

Why did she hate me so much? What had I done? I moved through the text and saw her eagerly describe all my humiliations to this stranger. From the horrible note-card game, to the park and even the nightmare school streak. Just rereading these events made me feel more and more furious and embarrassed. She'd described details I didn't even remember from the fact that my face was dribbling with snot as I ran through the crowd and that I'd had a tiny hole in the back of my pink panties when I was in the park.

Looking at these detailed recounts made me feel like I was reliving the situation. I felt the same shame that I did when I was actually involved in it. It was different to see these events written so laid out, it made it feel so much more real. I'd almost detached from myself recently and these texts just reminded me that it was Gertchen who had ran, posed and danced naked.

That's not to mention the f\*\*\*ing videos they'd shared between each other. While Derek had only sent the original copy of me masturbating, Becca had been sure to keep him updated. I didn't even know she had her phone at the park and caught me streak in my little panties. I also saw the thumbnail of my pale chubby butt running down an empty hallway and decided I really really didn't want to click play on that video.

And that wasn't the worst part. She'd purposely given me the wrong revision notes to my test. Of course I'd failed! I wasn't even studying the right f\*\*\*ing material! She'd been f\*\*\*ing with my mind for weeks now! She'd made me feel like it was my fault for being an idiot. I mean I was an idiot for not f\*\*\*ing realising. But that didn't matter now.

My God I don't even know how to react. I was so so angry and I didn't even know what to do. My life was in tatters because of her! She'd manipulated me! And for what? Was it a f\*\*\*ed up sexual desire? Just for a f\*\*\*ing sense of superiority? I don't think I even wanted to know and the thought made me sick.

We were supposed to be sisters! We were supposed to love each other and not... do this! F\*\*\* me! F\*\*\* her! I can't believe I'd fallen for her bullshit. Even just the thought of her stupid face made me mad. I couldn't let her get away with this. I was going to f\*\*\*ing win my life back and f\*\*\* hers while I did so.

I was going to get some sweet f\*\*\*ing revenge.

(12:56) Derek Smith: i know ur online, i see the green icon lol

And you know what? I was going to start with this f\*\*\*ing guy, 'lol' indeed.